

Chapter 7

"Are you ready?" asked Jaydon.

"Almost. Need to get the hair done," Alita replied indifferently, heading back to the room and standing in front of the mirror.

Jaydon followed and casually took a seat. Alita's hair was still down, and her slender neck was faintly visible. He loved the way her long hair fell on her shoulders, recalling the sensation of her soft strands brushing against his face.

Alita carefully tied up her hair, and suddenly, Jaydon embraced her from behind. His arms circled her waist, head resting on her neck, calling her affectionately, "Darling." Then, he playfully lifted her black dress.

Alita's heart skipped a beat. She pressed his hand down. "The party is about to start. Let's go."

Her rejection made him feel insulted, and the tenderness in his eyes faded. He withdrew his hand and said, "Yeah. The party will be full of younger and prettier women. You're just an arranged wife for me, a facade."

"Yeah. I hope I still live up to that." Alita smiled at him and held his hand. His words added another hurt to her heart.

Jaydon and Alita's arrival drew everyone's attention. They were a match made in heaven.





Up ahead, a beautiful woman in a golden dress approached them.

Alita was stunned, standing as if petrified. She subconsciously held onto Jaydon tightly, preventing him from going over. However, he pulled his hand out and walked toward that woman.

"Cecilia, why are you here?" Jaydon happily greeted her.

"Not thrilled to see me, huh?" Cecilia Mclean smiled sweetly, naturally hooking her arms around his neck, acting coquettishly.

"Why would I not? I was just worried you'd find it too dull here. Didn't you say to hold an art exhibition in Asmein? How did it go?" Jaydon affectionately pinched her nose, their interaction intimate, and everything so natural and harmonious.

Alita stood there, staring for quite a while. Then she turned around and slightly lowered her eyes, feeling like the whole world had turned gray.

Everyone around understood, but they pretended not to see. 'Jeez, Mr. Lewis is all smiles, like a happy kid. Turns out, he's into her more than into Mrs. Lewis,' they thought.

Alita was embarrassed, but there was nowhere to escape. 'No matter what, I gotta tough it out. No fainting, no tears, and definitely no running away,' she thought to herself. She was rooted to the spot, unable to take a step, and had no clue which way to go.





However, she had to smile at everyone, using all her strength to force a bitter smile.

"Mrs. Lewis, here's champagne." Seeing this, a smart subordinate handed her a glass of champagne. It was better than standing there empty-handed.

"Thank you." Alita was really grateful for this quick save. She reached out to take the glass, but her hand shook, and the glass fell to the ground with a "crash."

The glass shattered into pieces at her feet. She looked at the broken pieces in horror. The forced smile instantly shattered. She never thought she'd be so weak that she couldn't even keep a grip on her glass.

A shard cut the top of her foot, and blood, like the pain, seeped out, slowly making its way to the surface.

"Mrs. Lewis, you're bleeding. Does it hurt?"

Originally, the sound of breaking a wine glass in this noisy venue wasn't enough to attract Jaydon's attention. However, the injured person was his wife. The murmurs of the crowd still drew him over.



SEND GIFT



COMMENT



Chapter 8

Turning around, Jaydon noticed the shocking blood on Alita's instep. His heart tightened as he let go of Cecilia's hand and strode over, furrowing his brows. "What's going on? Intentionally trying to embarrass me?"

Alita stared at him in disbelief. 'What did I do wrong? Why put me on blast in front of everyone? You're getting cozy with another woman. Who's the one making things awkward?' she thought.

Her heart crumbled into fragments, and she couldn't bother to hate him. She squatted down, tore off a hem from her dress, and skillfully bandaged herself.

"I'll go get another drink." She turned away, swaying with each step. Every step pulled at the wound, and though it hurt, compared to the pain in her heart, it was insignificant.

Jaydon looked at her ankle, his gaze pained. 'Can't you just not be so stubborn? We're married. Do you really think I'd just leave you hanging?' he thought, feeling frustrated, and his heart tightened.

Suddenly, a piercing voice made Alita pause. She turned and witnessed Jaydon rushing toward Cecilia, leaving her feeling torn apart. With a forceful step, the wound on her foot widened.

Kim, Annabel, and Samuel, who had just arrived, also stopped in their tracks, watching Jaydon and Cecilia.





"Cecilia." Jaydon nervously supported her.

"Jaydon, I accidentally cut my finger over there. It hurts." Cecilia raised her beautiful finger, pouting. Tears welled up in her eyes, making her look incredibly fragile.

Jaydon, without hesitation, took her finger into his mouth to stop the bleeding. "How can you be so careless? Don't you know how precious your hands are? Does it still hurt?" His tone was affectionate, filled with tenderness.

Cecilia sweetly smiled. "It doesn't hurt now." Her gaze crossed the crowd and met Alita's. 'Can you keep up with me?' she thought. 'Even if you marry him, he's always mine at heart.'

Alita stood there and held it in for a while, but her eyes still got all red. Suppressing her tears, she walked over to grab a champagne glass. She dared not even blink her eyes, fearing her tears might drop unexpectedly. She didn't want everyone to see her being all fragile.

Jaydon, done dealing with Cecilia's injury, thought of Alita and turned his head to look for her.

When he saw Samuel crouching there and bandaging her, Kim accompanying her, his eyes turned cold.

"Jaydon, let's go together and say hi to Alita," Cecilia said, sensing the anger in Jaydon's eyes. She knew that going over at this moment would create another scene.

Holding Jaydon's hand, Cecilia walked toward them.





"Alita, long time no see. Is your injury okay? It's all my fault for making Jaydon come to me just because I got a little scratch," Cecilia said, sounding a bit sorry but subtly showing off.

Alita smiled gently. "I'm fine. Taking care of guests is our duty." Her response was flawless.

"Cecilia, how can she compare to you? Your hand is for painting; it's a work of art. Hers, well..." Jaydon glanced at Alita with disdain. "As long as they can move, that's all."

Alita froze for a moment, her heart aching, then numbly forced a smile. "Yeah, this little injury won't kill me. Cecilia, have a good time. I'll excuse myself." She smiled gracefully and struggled to walk off. The white handkerchief instantly turned red with blood. This time, she was truly and completely disappointed in Jaydon.



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

